

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]

Council Chamber of King Henry VIII.



to King Henry the eighth.

From the Lord Chancellor (*in our last*), to the King's Council Chamber, would be no very great transit to make, did not the above print carry us back to the early portion of the sixteenth century.

The History of the Engraving is curious, and its pictorial interest by no means uninviting: its circumstances are thus related in Mr. E. W. Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. ii., a work of considerable research and authority, as the respected name of the Editor would lead the reader to anticipate:

"In the first edition of Hall's 'Chronicle,' printed by Richard Grafton, in 1548, at the back of fol. cclxiiij., is a very beautiful and spiritedly-executed wood-cut, representing Henry the Eighth presiding in council. The king is seated

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upon his throne, in a chamber lined with tapestry, wrought into a regular pattern of alternate roses and fleurs-de-lis. The roof is of arched timber work, divided into square compartments, diagonally intersected, and having an ornamental pendant at each point of intersection. At the back of the throne, which has a fringed canopy, enriched with festoons and tassels, are the royal arms and supporters of the Tudor family.

"That most industrious inquirer into the history of printing, the Rev. Dr. T. F. Dibdin, has published an exact fac-simile of this 'extraordinary specimen of art,' in the third volume of his 'Typographical Antiquities,' and from that copy the annexed print has been reduced. Dr. Dibdin imagines it to

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have been designed by Hans Holbein, and engraven by some foreign artist in Germany, or the Low Countries. 'The original drawing,' he remarks, 'if in being, must be invaluable, as there is every reason to think that the *portraits*, as well as the architectural disposition of the room, are copies from the originals.' The impression in Hall's 'Chronicle,' when in large and fine condition, is highly estimated by collectors."

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

Tevoit Head, 1st November, 1830.

Scotland, Roxbroughshire.

MR. YEDITOR,—You will nae doubt think it strange to receive a communication frae the like o' me, wha ye never heard o' afore, and a thousand chances never wull agen; but I hae taent i' my head to write ye, letting the result thereof be sic as it likes; and ye maun excuse i' the first place my forwardness in sae doing, and in the second, the nonsense that I may mak my goose's feather dictate to you.

Howsomever, after I hae once broken the ice, I must naist let ye ken my reasons for writing to you, wha, as a' the warld weel knows, is as afar aboon me as I'm aboon my colley;—but to the purpose, as I hate ganging about the bush. Weel, ye see I hae a friend that stops i' your town—he being my wife's brother's son—a nice young man as ye can clap yer ee on in a simmer's day, and he sends a bit box at an orra time to his relations—us like—containing a pickle tea and shugar, and a wheen auld claes as he caes them: (auld, my certy, I hae seen the day the best man i' Tevoit Water wad nae lukit down at wearin them; but times are sair altered sin I was a callant.) Now it happened, that amang other bits o' odds and ends i' the last box, he sent down a wheen Numbers o' the Mirror, which I think he had bought just to pit aff the time a wee i' the gloamin; and they were carefully tied thegither, and specially directit to me, wha he kent was the only ane i' the family that could mak best use o' them; and I, after haeing perused the same to the rest o' the family, and much to the yedification o' us all, lent them to a' the neibours round about, which are at maist but thinly spread, this being a verra hilly county as ye nae doot ken, and I just received them back the other night, they a' showing undoubtable marks o' being weel thumbed, if no weel read; but my neibours a' certify to me that they hae received great store o' knowledge frae them, which makes me proud at haeing a freend that

sends sic buiks. Howsomever, I took it i' my head that the yeditor must be a knowen sort o' chap, to write sae weel as he does; and thinks I to mysel, it wad nae doot gie him great satisfaction to hear that folk at sic a distance had been much yedified by the perusal o' his writings. Weel, as sune as the thought strak me, I grew a wee dumfounder'd at first, and thought and better thought, how to accomplish sic an undertaking; but at lang and last I fell on a plan, and gin this gets safe to ye, its accomplisht. We being situate a gey bit frae any post toun or public road—(and if I had een been nearer them, I durstna hae putten it into the post, for fear o' expense—for I hate needless expense aboon a' things, considering a wifu' waste o' siller a thraving away o' God's blessings, which every ane that reads the Bible may ken); and, as I was sayin, there being but few opportunities to get a parcel conveyed sic a far distance; but I had lang meditated sending a bit box up to my freend wi' some new serks and other usefu's, as the lad had hinted his needin sic things, and I now determined to dispatch it, as the gudewife had gotten a wheen nice bonny anes ready, and send it by the way o' Edinbrough, and sae by sea as I considered that the cheapest mode. Weel, after letting the gudewife ken my determination, so that she might be prepared, I sat my ways down at the chimley lug, and having prepared my pens and paper, sic as I had, I hae wrote at bye hours what you see.

But I've now said enouch, perhaps ower muckle, and what's down must just remain. I hae ordered my freend to continue to send yer valuable work, whenever opportunity occurs, as twae or three o's has clubbed for't, and ane pays twae shares and keeps it. Our library's but sma, for how can't be expectit that the like o' us should be yebile to afford to buy mony buiks. For my part, my auld father left me walth o' them, he being a douce weel informed man, and could argue on points o' doctrinal faith wi' the minister himsel. Moreover he had been an elder in his time, and the auld family Bible testifys to this day how weel it was used by him.

But I maun now conclude, and wishing you and your publication muckle success, sae lang as ye do the way yer doin, I beg till finish wi' subscribin mysel,

Yer verra humble servant and admirer,
WATTIE COLTHERD.

P.S. Haein kept a bit buik, whereon I copy ony bits o' scraps that please me in newspapers, &c., I hae caused our Dominee to copy a ween o' them for

yer perusal. I am likewise a collector o' epitaphs, whereof I hae great store. Some o' my scraps were never published, among which is the verse added to Burn's sang, "The Land o' the Leal," which I made mysel, to show ye I can spin a bit poetry. When my freend sets his nose into your shop, be sure and gie him a good advice, as your town gets a verra bad name.

Yeditor of the Mirror, published in London.

•• We confess ourselves much gratified with the preceding letter, be it genuine, from "Roxbroughshire," or from "East Smithfield" (which the post-mark would imply), as a pleasant joke upon our economical pages. By the by, we often receive very friendly communications from our correspondents, which editorial modesty forbids our printing. The other day a Westmoreland friend proposed to us a Pedestrian Tour to the Lakes, and a batch of "Trout-tickling;" and another correspondent, after dwelling upon the merits of a paper in the *Mirror* on "the Art of drinking Wine," suddenly breaks forth in this ecstasy—"I do not need the 'Art of drinking Wine,' but by — I like you so well, that if you will come and spend a month with us, I will give you such Hock and Port, that you'll write upon it for a year. West Cowes, Isle of Wight."—Now, good friends, our case is too like Tantalus and Sysiphus. We would accept the "trout-tickling" invitation with pleasure, had we not "other fish to fry;" and during the month at Cowes we might get "half seas over." However, "the Island" is more within compass than "the Lakes;" we are, too, somewhat acquainted with *Vectis*, and have already wooed her rocky shores with unspeakable delight.

RANZ DES VACHES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

WITH regard to the "Ranz des Vaches" which appeared lately in the *Mirror*, you labour under a great mistake; it bearing no resemblance whatever to the famous Swiss song of that name.*

I have sent you the first verse of the true "Swiss Cowherd's song," in Patois (which is a species of bad French, spoken by the peasants) with a French translation. There are nineteen couplets which I have not sent, this single verse being sufficient to show the great difference between the original simple *Ranz des Vaches* and the supposed one.

* We transcribed the Song in question from the *Circles of the Seasons*.

The following is extracted from the "Conservateur Suisse," a work not published in this country.

A DAUGHTER OF A SWISS.

FRANCOIS.

DU PREMIER VERSET DES RANZ DES VACHES.

Les vachers des Colombettes
De bon matin se sont levés
Vaches! vaches! pour (vous) traire.
Venez toutes,
Blanches et noires,
Rouges et étoilées,
Jeunes et autres,
Sous un chêne
Où (je) vous traie
Sous un tremble
Où je tranche (le lait)
Vaches! vaches! pour (vous) traire.
Celles qui portent des clochettes
Vont les premières:
Les toutes noires
Vont les dernières.

RANZ DES VACHES.

AVEC LA TRADUCTION DU PATOIS EN FRANCOIS.

Lé zarmailli dei Colombetté
Dé bon matin sé san léha
Refrein
Ha ah! ha ah!
Lianba! lianba! por aria.
Vinidé toté,
Bilantz ét nairé,
Redz' et motallé,
Dzjouven' et otto,
Dero ou tschâno
To vo z'ario,
D'ero ou treinbllo
Io io treintzo,
Liauba! liauba! por aria (bis.)

Outre le grand refrain, il y en a un plus court, mais il exige une autre mélodie; c'est celui ci:

Lé sonailliré
Vau lé premlre:
Lé toté nairé
Vau le derraire.

MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

VERY few readers of *The Mirror* are unacquainted with the proposal made to Milton for rhyming "Paradise Lost," and his noble reply; but few know, I believe, that within thirty years after the publication of the poem, this was actually attempted. The work is entitled "*Milton's Paradise Lost, imitated in rhyme, by Mr. John Hopkins. London, printed for Ralph Smith, under the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, 1699.*" The book is valuable, as showing the extreme neglect into which the poem had fallen. It contains a poetical dedication "to the truly Hon. Lord Catls," and a preface, which commences thus: "It has been the misfortune of one of my name to affront the sacred prose of David with intolerable rhyme, and 'tis mine, I fear, to have abused almost as sacred verse. I had only this excuse when I did it: I did not so well perceive

the majesty and noble air of Mr. Milton's style as now I do, and were it not already done, I must confess I never should attempt it; but if others have the same opinion of this great author as I have, he will not suffer by me! but rather be the more admired!" "To say that I had nothing else to do when I undertook this will be no excuse; for idleness can no more excuse a man for doing ill, than trivial business can for not doing good." After eulogizing "Paradise Lost," and styling Milton "the great father of the poetic race of men," he continues in extenuation of his own attempt: "Paradise Lost, like the tree of knowledge, is forbidden to the ladies, to those I mean, who would taste the apples, but care not for climbing the boughs, and I have heard some say, Mr. Milton in rhyme would be a fine thing; well if they say so, that must satisfy all my present expectation, and for aught I know, Hercules looked well enough in petticoats; if it will oblige them, I should be apt to throw off the lyon's skin, and put the soft apparel on the whole, yet I must needs own, I would rather look on Mr. Milton plain, than in the gaudy dress my effeminate fancy gave him." Again he says, "Though I have but played with him, it has cost me pains: he is too strong for dalliance, and I too weak to close with him—I have only touched him at a distance," and then fairly viewing his inability to paraphrase "the wide conflict of the serpent," adds in conclusion, "however if I attempt any further on Mr. Milton, I shall sit closer to him."

The reader will remember that this was written thirteen years before Addison's elaborate critique, and appears a noble and disinterested effort to exhibit the beauties and value of a neglected author. The following is a paraphrase of the most beautiful passage in the whole poem—*Book iv. line 480.*

"That day I oft remember," &c.

"That day I oft remember e'er I rose,
When I first wak'd as if from soft repose
On a fair bed of flowers, beneath a shade,
I saw myself in a sweet grotto laid.
First my own form I did with wonder view,
All caused my wonder then, for all was new.
With silent admiration, as I lay
I view'd the light and saw the shining day.
Gently I stirr'd, pleas'd with the grateful show
Gaz'd at these locks, which round my breasts
did flow
And wonder'd what I was, whence pour'd
and how!
Around I look'd, look'd all around to see
If aught else liv'd or had a form like me.
My wonder'g eyes long did I cast around,
Still view'd myself, and then the flowery ground,
Thoughtful I rose, and in the fragrant bowers,
With childish fondness I admired the flowers.

Just at the entrance of the pleasing shade,
I saw mute creatures which in pairs were laid,
By them I pass'd, and on their forms I gaz'd,
Near me, all fawn'd, and all appear'd amaz'd—
A murmuring sound I heard, not far from thence,
Which stay'd my progress, and allur'd my sense.
This grateful noise, rough issuing waters made,
Which pour'd from caves, and down the valleys
spread.

Then gently pass'd as rivers to the main,
And flow'd themselves into a liquid plain.
Thither I went, and on its banks I stood,
Then lean'd and look'd into the silver flood;
Soon as I cast my eyes upon the stream,
To my fond view a beauteous image came;
Frighted I started back, it started too;
But soon I turn'd to take a second view.
Calmly I look'd, with an alluring air,
And saw it smile, pleas'd too, and charming
there—

Long on the lake, I held my constant eye,
The lake then seem'd another painted sky," &c.
Southwark. C. P.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

TOBACCO PIPES.

THE pipe is the general mode of smoking tobacco, not only among the American Indians, but in the East, and all over Europe. The similarity existing between the Turkish pipe and that used by the American savages is well known. The several European pipes are all evidently modifications of the same, changed, and new fashioned, by changing times and customs. The smoking countries of Europe have each their peculiar pipe. Of these, the German one seems to be the most approved. This consists of the bowl, made of porcelain or baked clay, and usually ornamented with a painting, the subject of which depends upon the taste of the smoker. These bowls, or, as they are sometimes termed, pipe-heads, form a curious chronicle of the manners of the people, and of their tastes and customs. The spirit of the age is generally represented in the paintings with which they are adorned. There is in the private cabinet of a virtuoso, at Heidelberg, a collection of them, displaying the different fashions that have succeeded each other, during the last century. In these may be seen the gallantry or brutality, the independence or servility, of the people, as either feeling happened to prevail. We recollect a series, which were said to be made towards the end of the eighteenth century, and which almost all bore representations of scenes from the life of the unfortunate Werther, from the touching commencement of his sorrows to their bloody end. It is not unusual at present to see the face of the late Mr. Canning shining forth on these pipe-heads, in all manner of grotesque likenesses; but the usual device is one of love, or hunting. The painting of these affords employ-

ment to a great many artists, and they are often executed with much delicacy. This head, or bowl, then, into which the tobacco is put, and which is wide at the mouth, and gradually tapers towards the lower end, is inserted into another vessel of the same material, which is usually filled with water, and is furnished with two apertures; one for receiving the bowl, and the other for receiving the stalk of the pipe. This stalk is generally made of bone, though sometimes of wood, is about a foot in length, and is flexible towards the upper end, so as to yield to the motion of the body. The bowl is sometimes made of a substance called meerscham, in preference to porcelain. This possesses the property of imbibing the juice of the tobacco; and, on this account, those of great age are considered invaluable.

The Spanish pipe, again, differs from the German; it is, however, provided, like the latter, with the vessel for water, and also being in general much more massive, and adorned with a variety of ribbons and tassels. The bowl is usually made of a brownish coloured clay, and is not ornamented with any painting. The stalk, which is commonly made of bone, swells out a good deal in the middle, and at this part is hollowed, for the purpose of containing water. In this way, however, the smoke does not, as in the German mode, pass through the water, but merely over it, and is not, of course, so much purified; but custom is every thing, and a Spaniard despises a German pipe as much as a German does a Spanish one.

It is needless to describe the well-known white earthen pipe of Old England. Some connoisseurs consider it a more delicate mode of smoking than any of the rest; as, by its being constantly changed, the smoker is not annoyed by the bitter taste which the others, by constant use, are apt to contract. The formation of these pipes forms a considerable article of manufacture in London. And it is a curious fact that, although they are quite different in shape and substance from the original American pipe, they seem to have been used among us almost since the very first introduction of tobacco. So early as the seventeenth year of James the First, the Society of Tobacco-pipe Makers had become so very numerous and considerable a body, that they were incorporated by royal charter, and bore on their shield a tobacco plant in full blossom. The earth of which these pipes are made is peculiarly white, and has such an affinity for water, that it is

necessary to glaze the top of the stalk, where it is inserted into the mouth, in order to prevent its adhering to the lips. The Dutch have evidently copied the form of their pipe from us. In size and shape, the two are exactly the same; but the Dutch pipe, which is generally reckoned the best, is made of a different sort of clay, and does not require to be glazed at the top of the stalk. This, indeed, forms the principal distinguishing mark between them.

The cigar is another mode of smoking, originating, we believe, in the East Indies. The cheroot, or China cigar, is much larger than that of the West Indian Islands, being sometimes between six and nine inches in length, while the latter seldom exceeds about three. The cigar has become very common all over Europe; but it is not in very general use, on account of its being much more expensive than unrolled tobacco.

In Hindostan there is a mode of smoking peculiar to that country, termed the *hookah*. It is there reckoned an essential part of a gentleman's establishment; and every one who aims at *haut ton* must be possessed of a *hookah*, and *hookah-burdar*, or servant, whose sole duty is to attend to it. This machine is rather complicated in its structure, consisting of a chauffoir, a tobacco-holder, a water-vase, and a pipe. The latter varies in length, according to the taste of the owner, from three feet to twenty, and is generally made of fine leather, wrought so as to be quite airtight and flexible. The vase is generally filled with plain water; but those who wish to smoke luxuriously put into it water of roses, which gives the smoke a peculiarly delicate flavour.—From a valuable paper on the *Tobacco Plant* in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.

Notes of a Reader.

SWAN RIVER NEWSPAPER.

A NEWSPAPER has already appeared at the Swan River settlement, entitled—"The Fremantle Journal and General Advertiser." It is dated February 27, 1830, price 1s. 6d., and contains eleven advertisements. But the curiosity of the matter remains to be told: this new journal is not printed, but *written*!

* We have to thank a correspondent from the India House for the loan of the Journal enabling us to quote the following specimens.

Talking of *manuscript* newspapers, we may be excused the vanity of having imagined that we ourselves had written the only newspaper ever published in MSS. This was actually one of

We are enabled to add a few specimens through the medium of the "Sydney Gazette," the editor of which appositely observes, "It is interesting to witness the first dawn of literature upon yonder savage shores, and, though faint and feeble, we trust it will continue to brighten and to spread, until the light of science and morals be diffused over the whole surface of Western Australia. It is amusing to see the editor's remarks on the *press* of the New Colony: he ought to have talked of the liberty of the *quill*, for he uses pens instead of types, and amanuenses instead of printers."

Among the Sydney editor's specimens are—

A Mr. Thompson "acquaints the inhabitants of Fremantle and its vicinity, that he has on hire saddled horses, for the convenience of those gentlemen who may wish to proceed to Perth and return the same day." The same person gives notice to "all those wishing to cross the Ferry, that a boat is placed in the river, called 'The Ferry Boat'—passage 1s. each." A Mr. Lewis announces, that on the 8th of March he should open an "Australian Dépôt," or "a general retail and wholesale store, consisting of a large variety of drapery, hosiery, haberdashery, cutlery," and other things innumerable, a Mr. Dodd advertises "Holt's double brown stout, *ex Egyptian*." The Post Master publishes a list of unclaimed letters. "An elderly female, who understands milking," is said to be "wanted." The vessels in harbour are said to be the following: In Gage's Roads, the *Wanstead*, *Egyptian*, *Thames*, *Pamela*, *Eagle*, *Thomson*, and *Protector*; in Cockburn Sound, the *Gilmore*, *Nancy*, and *Hooghly*. The departures are—From Gage's Roads, 22nd February, the brig *Tranby*, for *Batavia*; 23rd, the brig *Skerne*, for the *Cape*, with six passengers. The arrival of the *Egyptian* is thus flatteringly noticed:

"The ship *Egyptian*, Capt. Lilburne, arrived on the 14th instant, and landed a very respectable class of settlers. It is with much pleasure we add, that they express themselves highly pleased with the conduct of their captain on the voyage from England; and as a proof of their esteem, the steerage passengers presented him with a handsome silver cup, bearing an appropriate inscription, with a representation of the stern of the

our school amusements; and when about twelve years of age, our daily and weekly journal was read by a hundred schoolfellows, and the principal gentry in the neighbouring town. With the reader's permission, we may devote an early page or two to this embryo project.—*Ed. Mirror*.

Egyptian, and the motto 'All's Well.' A silver snuff-box was also presented by the cuddy passengers at the same time. We are gratified in having it in our power to give publicity in our *first essay* to such rare occurrence under such circumstances.

"Fremantle, 26th February, 1830."

The leading article is a brief and becoming *entré*, bespeaking the candid consideration of the public, intimating that the embryo journal was patronized by the Lieutenant Governor, and stating that a supply of printing materials was expected soon from London. On the usefulness of newspapers the editor gives the following opinion:

"Had it not been for the universality of a newspaper, in what a miserable state of ignorance mankind would remain; but thanks to our forefathers, we mortals of the present day live in the age of wonders. Within the last forty years, New South Wales has increased in greater magnitude and interest than we find spread over the history of three or four centuries of former times; and what has contributed more to its advancement than the four newspapers that are published weekly at Sydney? *Argumentum ad populum*."

We beg to correct his mistake as to the number of newspapers published in Sydney: it is not four, but three. A settler in the interior had been so unfortunate as to lose the whole of his property by fire, and a liberal subscription in his behalf had been made by the Governor and others. We select the following scraps of local intelligence:

"From various parts of the country afflicting recitals are received from the settlers, the natives appearing determined to burn them out. How would a few missionaries answer? They might enlighten their minds, and put a stop to the devouring element.

"Absconded, from Messrs. Everad and Talbot, James House, about five feet seven inches in height, with a shuffling walk. Report speaks rather bad of this Mr. House.

"Some miscreants, a disgrace to the name of men, are going about the country maiming cattle. Last evening, a fine ewe, belonging to Mr. Walcott, was brought home in a miserable condition, occasioned by a blow from some villain. Other reports are current, but this is authentic.

"The editor has received various epistles from settlers that appear furiously discontented, because contentment they never knew in any clime or country. The editor has refused inserting them."

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE : OR, THE
PLAIN WHY AND BECAUSE.

Part II. *Zoology—Quadrupeds.*

THIS Part illustrates the general economy of *Quadrupeds*, and not a few of the habits of the most important species. The "Whys" and "Beauses" are thus arranged, under distinct heads : as "The General Subject—Bones—Stomach—Clothing—Secretions—Respiration—Feeling—the Eye—Muscles—Apes—the Bat—Squirrels—the Dormouse—Marmot—Lemming—Porcupines—Bears—the Dog—Wolf—Jackall—Fox—Lion—Cat—Camel—Antelope—Unicorn—Ox—Deer—Elephant—Horse—Ass—the Mole—Beaver—Seal—Mermaids—the Whale, &c., with the Domestication of Animals, and explanations of a few fabulous varieties. As the most popular and interesting, we extract from "the Horse :"—

Why is the ear of the horse so interesting a part of his anatomy ?

Because it is one of the most beautiful parts about him, and even more intelligible than the eye ; and an observer of the horse can tell, by the expressive motion of the ears, almost all that he thinks or means.

Why is it a good sign for a horse to carry one ear forward and the other backward, when on a journey ?

Because this stretching of the ears in contrary directions, shows that he is attentive to every thing that is taking place around him, and, while he is so doing, he cannot be much fatigued, or likely soon to become so. Few horses sleep without pointing their ears as above, that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in every direction.

"When horses or mules march in company at night, those in front direct their ears forwards ; those in the rear direct them backwards ; and those in the centre turn them laterally or across ; the whole troop seeming thus to be actuated by one feeling, which watches the general safety."—*Arnott*.

Why does the eye of the horse point a little forwards from the side of the head ?

Because the animal may have a more extended field of vision.

Why does not the loss of one eye enfeeble sight ?

Because the other acquires greater energy ; though it much contracts the field of vision. It is said to render the conception erring, and the case of misjudgment of distances is the one commonly brought forward to show this.

One-eyed horses have, however, been found extraordinary leapers.

Why is it a vulgar error to suppose wall-eyed horses not liable to blindness ?

Because there is no difference of structure which can produce this exemption ; but the wall-eyed horse, from this unseemly appearance, and his frequent want of breeding, may not be exposed to many of the usual causes of inflammation.

Why does the pupil of the eye expand when a horse is brought to the door of the stable ?

Because it may keep out the extra quantity of light, which would be painful to the animal, and injurious to vision. When opposed directly to the sun, the pupil, or aperture in the iris, will almost close.

Why was the inflammation of the horse's eye formerly called "moon-blindness ?"

Because of its periodical return, and some supposed influence of the moon ; an absurdity which is its own contradiction.

Why are the eyes of horses kept clean ?

Because, like birds, they have a kind of third eyelid, called the *haw*, moistened with a pulpy substance or mucilage, to take hold of the dust on the eye-ball, and wipe it clean ; so that the eye is hardly ever seen with any thing on it, though greatly exposed from its size and posture.

Why do horses shy as they grow old ?

Because of a decay in their sight ; a loss of convexity in the eye, lessening the convergency of the rays, and throwing the perfect image beyond, and not on the retina.

Why are the teeth a criterion of the horse's age ?

Because the incisor or front teeth of the horse have a production of enamel in their centre ; but the cavity which this forms, containing no cement, is merely filled by the particles of food, &c. As the enamel descends only to a certain extent in the tooth, the teeth disappear at last, from the constant wear of the part in mastication ; and this is improperly called the filling up of the teeth.—*Blumenbach*

Why are the grinders of the horse never perfect ?

Because the tooth is not finished when it cuts the gum : the lower part of its body is complete, while the upper part is worn away by mastication, and the proper fang is not added till long after. Thus, if the part out of the gum is complete, the rest of the body is imper-

fect, and there are no fangs; on the contrary, when the fangs are formed, much of the body has been worn away in mastication.—*Blumenbach.*

Why has the horse the pack-wax, or a strong cord from the back of the head to the bones of the back?

Because the head hangs in a slanting position from the extremity of the neck, and the neck itself projects considerably from the chest: thus the whole weight of the head and neck is suspended from the chest, and very great power is requisite to support them. In addition to the simple weight of the head and neck, the neck projecting from the chest, and the head hanging from the extremity of the neck, act with enormous mechanical force, and require more than a hundred-fold the power necessary to support them. As an illustration, it may be observed, that it requires a strong man to lift a small table from the ground at arm's-length.

Why are large nostrils a perfection in hunters and running horses?

Because they afford the animals freer respiration when they are hard-riden or run.—*G. White.*

Why are horses with white legs and feet less valuable than those which have them not?

Because, even in a wet soil and climate, white hoofs are more brittle, and more liable to accident and lameness than black ones; and in stony soils white hoofs are much more liable to break and to contract than those of a dark colour.

Why is it difficult to distinguish the species of a horse from the inspection of his bones?

Because the size can scarcely be assumed as a specific character, it varying remarkably in the same species. Hence the bones of fossil horses present no precise character to distinguish them from the medium-sized existing species.

Why does a bulky, heavy horse make less progress than a compact muscular animal?

Because the fat horse makes but little exertion, much of his force being expended in transporting his own overgrown mass.

Why does the speed and wind of the horse depend on the size of the lungs?

Because in proportion to the quantity of air which they contain, and the less frequent necessity of renewing that air by breathing, will the animal be at his ease, or distressed, when violent exertion is demanded of him.

The other divisions of Zoology are

to follow, Man being destined to occupy a distinct Part of the work.

DECLINE OF POETRY.

It is not a little remarkable, that we have not one really operative, workman-like bard left us in the present day. All our poets have either become (shame that we should say it!) prosers; or else, rest ingloriously mute. Sir W. Scott shows no symptoms of return to rhyme—Campbell has given us nothing for years—Moore is writing the *Life of Byron*, and the *History of Ireland*—Southey employs his plastic pen in every kind of composition but verse—Wordsworth and Coleridge say nothing at all—and Miss Landon and Edwin Atherstone are respectively busied in the production of prose romances.—*British Magazine.*

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A HOST of pamphlets, or *livraisons*, are now flocking forth to commemorate the glories of the "Three Days." Among these we notice "A Narrative of the Revolutionary Events, which happened during the last week of July, 1830; principally regarding the conduct of the Swiss Soldiers quartered at the Barracks of Babylon;" by a late Capt.-Lieut. of the 2nd Regt. of the Guards, and translated by Lieut. W. P. Cowling, R.N. This memorandum of the work will be useful to such persons as are collecting facts and narratives towards a history of the great event; and the following extract may deserve their special attention:—

"In terminating the recital of facts which I have witnessed, I cannot help adding a few words on the position in which we found ourselves during the bloody days of the 28th and 29th of July, this position even speaks in the strongest manner for us.

"The Swiss were surrounded by an army of citizens ready to overthrow every thing that related to the power of the king, to whom they had sworn destruction. The Swiss were in the Barracks of Babylon alone, with their honour, their oath, and their arms; if they had surrendered, they would have tarnished the first, violated the second, and no longer have been worthy to use the sword that had been entrusted to them.

"The citizen troops of Paris, who, as it might be said, arose from the bosom of the earth, would have received us and spared our lives; but history would not have forgotten that the descendants of William Tell preferred infamy to death, in forgetting a sacred duty by shrinking back in the day of trouble.

"We ought not, and we could not refuse to fight, though we were certain of losing our cause. But there exists in decisive moments something in man that inspires him with the conduct which he ought to maintain. At that moment we cannot reason, but feel; and, may I be allowed to say, guided by this sentiment, we have accomplished that which remained for us to achieve, and our blood, which has been spilt in the streets of Paris, has not been lost in vain: in posterity there will be found men who will weigh it in a just balance, and, putting aside all party spirit, will grant them tears and regret.

"We have obeyed the orders of Marshal Marmont, because our honour required us to submit. If the effusion of blood has been greater than it ought to have been—if thousands of brave men have fell, it is of the Duke of Ragusa we must demand satisfaction—for he alone must feel the sting of conscience."

LESSONS ON ARITHMETIC, IN PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE.

THIS is a shrewd, clever little book, well adapted to its object—"to furnish a clear and a familiar description of those rules of Arithmetic which are generally useful, and to introduce the student to this pleasing and very valuable art," or, as the title-page expresses, "more especially young merchants, tradesmen, seamen, mechanics, and farmers." It is moreover an amusing book, or, at least, much more so than many other systems of arithmetic. Figures, to be sure, have a stubborn and matter-of-fact character, which in some cases is peculiarly unsightly and uninviting; but the author of this treatise, Mr. Thomas Smith, of Liverpool, has contrived to invest the science of numbers with very considerable amusement, and great plainness of illustration. His explanations of technicalities, or, as he calls them, little intricacies of the art, are as interesting as they are useful; and by way of example we quote a page:

"Of other terms, which I have not before found it necessary to notice, we have, in Subtraction, those of *MINUEND*, which describes the sum to be made less, by being subtracted from; and, *SUBTRAHEND*, which describes the lower, or sum to be subtracted. There is some sense in using the terms multiplicand, multiplier, and product; in divisor, dividend, and quotient; because they are either good English words, or they are used to describe things, for which we have no short words of our own. But as to

minuend, and *subtrahend*, we have the words, *greater*, and *lesser*; words of our own, fully and clearly conveying to our minds, without any waste of time in unnecessary study or recollection, all that these two foreign words are required, in ordinary calculations, to express. And, *greater sum*, and *lesser sum*, therefore, I would advise you, on such occasions, always to use; pitying, the pedant who resorts to words in other languages to express his meaning, when that meaning may be quite as well expressed by those of his own.

"So much for certain of the *TERMS* employed by arithmeticians; of several of which, were it not that a knowledge of them is required, in order to enable us to understand the writings of others, I should be inexcusable in occupying a moment of the time of my pupils. There is, however, yet one other word, a most barbarous, and, at the same time, a most conceited word, of which I must speak, in order to enable those of my pupils who may not otherwise have become acquainted with it, to understand any of the books, on this subject of arithmetic, that have already been written. This word is *DIGITS*: I pray you, my pupils, never to utter it, nor to write it! But, this being a part of the jargon by which the subject has been darkened by dullness and pedantry; as you will find the word, when you look into them, pretty plentifully sprinkled over the pages, I believe, of all former works of this sort, so I must bestow a little time in speaking of it.

"The word comes from the Latin, *digitus*; that is, *finger*. Savages, who have no better mode, they say, *count* by their *fingers*; and in this manner, say the learned, our ancestors counted, before they had acquired a knowledge of numerical figures, to which figures it appears, that they, very naturally, and it must be allowed, very excusably in them, transferred the word. But is this any reason, I ask, for us to defile our language with the heterogeneous and barbarous term, even were they our own immediate ancestors, instead of the ancestors of the ancient Greeks or Romans, who had first so applied it? That its use is not necessary, in order to describe either the meaning or the uses of numbers, has, I hope, been made to appear in these pages; through which I have used, when speaking of the *forms* by which we express numbers, the word *figure*; and, when speaking of the *numbers themselves*, I have used the word *itself*; to be sure. And this proper use of words gives clearness, simplicity, and

certainly to writing. Whilst the darkness and confusion which have been spread over this subject of arithmetic, must be the inevitable consequence of a casual and senseless use of the terms *number*, *digit*, and *figure*.

"With regard to the *origin* of this word *digit*, which I would expunge from our books, for in our language it has never had a place; with regard to the *origin* of this word, I may be told, that the word *calculate*, which I have used, has but a similar origin; this word coming from *calculi*, that is, *stones*, with which, also, it is said that savages reckoned up their accounts. But, to this I answer, that the word, whatever be its origin, is become perfectly naturalized amongst us. That this is as much our own as any word we have; and that, whilst its use is quite familiar, its meaning is understood with perfect precision. But as to the word *digit*, which appears only in books on mathematics, and appears there only to darken and to confuse, why use it instead of the words *figure* and *number*? For it is used, indiscriminately, for either; and the tantalized reader, in the midst of various other perplexities, has to discover in which of these two meanings he is to take it, on each particular occasion."

FUGITIVE POETRY.

MR. SHARPE has sent us two elegantly-printed volumes of "fugitive poetry of the nineteenth century," entitled "The Laurel" and "The Lyre." Each volume contains about two hundred pieces, many of them of extreme beauty. "The Laurel" opens with Professor Wilson's exquisite "Edderline's Dream;" near which is Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," Rogers' "Ginevra;" and "The Painter," by Miss Landon. The names of the writers are a brilliant array:—among them are Byron, Scott, Wilson, Montgomery, Watts, Delta, Landon, Hemans, Croy, Coleridge, Hervey, Moore, Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Bowles, Leigh Hunt, Miss Mitford, Keats, Hood, Pringle, Bernard Barton, T. H. Bayly, &c. &c. In short, it is scarcely possible to imagine two more delightfully compiled volumes.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS is like Cranbourne Alley carried to Clapham Common; Bognor, with its pebble-stone rocks, dulness below misery; Hastings, a row of houses in a fives-court; Worthing, a bad imitation of its neighbour; Bath, a tea-kettle, always boiling and steaming; and Cheltenham a cockney edition of Hammersmith.—Hook's "Maxwell."

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

An Adventure on the Coast.

(Concluded from page 417.)

I PREPARED to take a circuitous route over the sandhills towards the east cove, when several figures emerged out of the fog below me, and I was suddenly surrounded by six or seven men. I raised my pistol, but it was knocked down by one of the party, who seized and disarmed me immediately.

"Fear nothing, Mr. —, no harm is intended, but just follow the same tack with us quietly—sink the customs! what noise was that on my larboard quarter, Sam?" said a tall man that seemed to be the head of the party, who turned their steps rapidly towards the east cove. The man appealed to raised his voice a little above a whisper and called out "anker." A deep voice instantly muttered something I could not catch in reply; we soon reached the foot of the sandhills, and I found myself treading on the steep and large mass of shingles which the violence of the sea had progressively forced up at the extremity of its domain.

The tide was now fully in, and I found a number of persons on the beach, actively engaged in landing and extricating from the surf a quantity of packages, ankers of spirits, &c.; while others assisted in placing them on pack-horses, several of which were standing at high-water mark. As near the shore as she dare stand in, the tall mast and trim black hull of a sloop could be discovered looming to seaward; a strong hawser was carried from her, and made fast to a rock on shore, by the aid of which and a large boat, the dry part of the cargo was silently and expeditiously landing, while two lanterns were suspended on board, which cast a faint and flickering light over the scene. I also observed that a large Newfoundland dog, at stated periods, dashed into the waves, returning with the end of a line in his mouth, at the extremity of which were ten or twelve casks lashed together, which the party ashore pulled in, and a rapid transit of the cargo was thus kept up. It was a scene of great confusion—the suppressed cries of the smugglers, the number of wild figures actively engaged in removing the cargo, with the measured noise and roaring of the breakers and drift about us, had a novel and striking effect. I had not much time, however, to make observations: part of my escort joined in the active scene be-

fore me; but the tall fellow already mentioned and two of his comrades conducted me to the margin of the surf, with the intention of going on board the sloop.

"Heave us a rope there, Tom, you lubber," hailed my conductor to the man in the boat. "Ay, ay, sir."—"Don't you see the gentl'man's waiting here astarn—I've merely a little business to transact with you, sir, ye see," turning to me, "and then we'll land you as safe as a duck in a ditch."

Before I could answer, the boat almost gunwale under was at our feet, and shoving her off, after pitching in the surf she rose over the fourth sea, which had now exhausted itself and a moment after we were alongside, the lugger.

"Sink the customs!" said my companion, as we stepped on board, "we've run them a rig as they didn't calculate on, the lubbers; they're every chap of them off to Porthsea head at this moment, d—n them, yawing about with vexation, like a ship broke away from her sheer in a tidesway, hard up I'll be bail—while we've brought up here, ye see, as snug a bit for running a cargo as one cou'd wish, and just under their noses too, into the bargain!"

Somewhat impatient at this lengthy speech, I exclaimed, "But why am I seized on and brought here, sir, your conduct?"—"Hush now," interrupting me, "you're off like the devil in a blaze—I'm sorry its *you* kase, there's none I respect more by hearsay—Charley, man," he bawled out at the top of the companion way, and to my surprise, my friend Charley Swan emerged on deck. At this instant our attention was powerfully diverted to the shore. The smugglers on land, as we have seen, were divided into parties; several men were posted six or seven hundred yards inland, to give the earliest notice in case of a surprise; others were regularly placed in the gorge at intervals, having a string attached to one of their arms, which if attacked they each pulled by way of signal, and then fired their pieces successively along the several lines; thus perplexing the revenue officers with so many points of attack.

"By G—there they are blazing away like winking—that d—n lubber, Jones, must have played us foul," said the captain. A sudden gleam of light at the end of the gorge, followed by a sharp and straggling fire from the outposts, announced a surprise. This party was soon driven in, and the king's men, cheering loudly, followed it up by a

volley. The smugglers were completely taken aback, but the second party though furiously pressed, animated by the most deadly hatred to their opponents, made a fierce and spirited resistance, headed by Sam Donkerk, the mate of the sloop—in order to cover her escape. Nearly half her cargo had been already landed, and most of it sent out of harm's way. The gale was freshening—the flashing of fire-arms—the glare of torches threw a brilliant and uncertain light over the scene; sometimes illuminating the lofty and dim sea-capes and dancing waters, sometimes reflecting the ferocious and manly features and figures of those engaged in the conflict. The tumultuous shout of human voices mingled with the execrations of the smugglers and the repeated crash of musketry, was augmenting every instant, and resounded far above the various elemental noises, rattling from peak to peak like successive salvos of artillery; while the sea-mews and other tenants of the crag, shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiterated sounds of noises so unusual. It was a fine scene, worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

In the meantime all was confusion on board the Hawk—"Bear a-hand boys, bear a-hand," sung out the captain, running to the different quarters of the ship—"stow away those bales, — you, hoist the lug there, boys, or we shall be taken all aback." A loud shout from the beach announced that the "custom-ers" had driven in our men, and in an instant after Lieut. — (for the moon was now shining unobscured) followed by his party, rushed to the beach shouting "Out with your oars, my lads, we'll board the rascals." There was no longer time hardly to think; it was now literally a *run*; our party ashore had fairly taken to their heels.

"Hard-a-starboard there, for your life!" shouted the captain to the helmsman, and running up to the hawse holes on the larboard quarter, he cut with a hatchet the remaining line by which the lugger was moored, (the starboard hawser and that from the shore having been already hauled in) she then swung free, and giving a heavy lurch, entered a sea highly agitated by the opposition of wind and tide. In an instant the mainsheet and storm-jib were hauled up, and we shaped our course for Porthsea head, before the king's boat had time to get way on us. I had now breathing time, and as the sloop was entering the main, pitching bows under and shipping several heavy seas fore and aft, which

covered us with sheets of spray, I looked out for the cutter, which I could indistinctly see through the rapid drifting of the scud, was in our wake some distance to leeward, with every stitch of canvass out she could carry.

"We'll soon drop her astern, never fear, said the captain, clapping me on the shoulder, as I was musing near the companion-hatch. "The lieutenant's a bold chap, but I'll warrant you he'll put about ship now we are clearing Porthsea head." A heavy sea which had well-nigh pooped us, interrupted this colloquy, succeeded by a squall in which the whole fury of the tempest seemed concentrated, blowing our jib and gaff-topsail almost to shivers. I looked out in vain for any token of the gale moderating—the indications were anything but cheering—the surface of the ocean agitated by an opposing wind, particularly over the Porthsea sands, was furrowed by a deep broken-swell that seemed to agitate it to its profoundest depths; but the Hawk was an excellent sea-boat, and lightened as she was rose over the contending seas merrily like a bird. What the captain had predicted was now evidently the case—the king's boat had clearly had quite enough of it, for though she drew on us considerably while under the lee of the coast, it was now observable that she had reefed her sails, and her crew were no doubt pulling hard for the beach for their lives. We were also now compelled to take in almost every stitch of canvass we had out, and drifted rapidly on a larboard course.

It was a fearful weltering sea. The waves rolled in succession to a vast height, each striving as it were to excel the other in the race, sweeping past us on their everlasting course—sometimes breaking at their ridges into boiling foam and silvery spray, that lighted up even the distant horizon. A confused and tumultuous roar of the elements, which those who have been at sea well know, almost stunned the senses; occasionally varied with the "revelry of winds" the deep "everlasting voice" of thunder, and vivid flashes of forked lightning hissing over the black abyss of waves. The last rays of the moon had long been obscured.—I now reverted to my strange situation, and went below to question Charley Swan on the subject. It appeared that some of the scouts mistook me for a revenue officer watching in the castle, and though I was recognised when seized, yet the skipper having wished to meet me, took me on board, as he meant for a short time,

intending to exact a solemn promise of secrecy on my part, as to the night's proceedings. Wearied with want of rest, I was soon locked in sleep.

Awaking with a start, I was aroused by a confused noise aloft, and went on deck as the sun was just gilding the edge of the eastern ocean. The gale had moderated, and the freshness of the breeze and bustle on deck, mingling with the dissonant cries of the sea-birds skimming the waves, braced my spirits. We were scudding along rapidly on a S.W. course, and I observed for the first time, with surprise, that we showed Hambro' colours at our peak. But our dangers were not yet past. A king's cutter, with her long pennant waving in the breeze, and every thread out she could muster, was in sight, about a mile astern of us. In another moment she hauled up the royal colours and fired a gun, as a signal for us to bring to. All was confusion on board the Hawk, though the skipper promptly replied to their signal by applying a match to a stern-chaser. The lugger was well known to be a clipper, yet it soon became evident that her opponent was the Antelope, one of the fastest cutters in his majesty's service. The scene was now one of great excitement and interest; the Antelope kept in close pursuit and was rapidly gaining on her chase. I now began to think of the awkward figure I should cut in the eyes of my friend, Lieut. —, as the abettor of a smuggling lugger. But there was not much time for thought—the bluff coast of — was in sight, and the Antelope already began to annoy us with her fire. As we ran rapidly along the coast, a regular running fight was kept up, and though we carried four six-pounders and two stern-chasers, and the crew were determined to a man, yet we were no match for the Antelope.

"Hell and furies," said the skipper, addressing me, "I fear he'll blow us out of the water—sink the customs! if I'd Sam Donkerk aboard and the other fellows we left ashore last night, I'd show him a time he doesn't expect tho'—God grant we may wear round that headland before she can do us any harm, and then I'll bet my freight to a keg of Geneva I'll baffle him; there isn't a creek in this 'ere coast I don't know."

The coast was one indeed which offered peculiar facilities to a smuggler acquainted with its sinuosities in a chase of this kind. It was a succession of bold headlands indented with bays running inland, of which several were of some extent. I was now alternately

rent by hope and anxiety; however I began to entertain a hope that we should ultimately throw our opponent out and run her hull-down, when just as we were wearing round the point referred to, a shot struck the yard of the mainsheet, and we instantly lost the wind.

"Beach her, beach her!" cried a dozen voices in a breath, "hard-a-port, hard-a-port, there, hold on, for your lives, or we are lost!" roared the captain, as the Hawk entered the deeply agitated element, and dashing through the breakers, she was run ashore fairly under the edge of the cliffs. We were obliged to abandon her instantly, so close had the Antelope been in our wake. The country people were favourable to the smugglers, and after running for about half an hour, I found little difficulty in procuring a horse to convey me to the nearest town.

VYVYAN.

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

STEAKS FROM A LIVING COW.

(From Major Head's *Life of Bruce*.)

BRUCE happened to witness a scene, which must be given in his own words:

"Not long after our losing sight of the ruins of the ancient capital of Abyssinia, we overtook three travellers driving a cow before them; they had black goat-skins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands, in other respects they were but thinly clothed; they appeared to be soldiers. The cow did not seem to be fatted for killing, and it occurred to us all that it had been stolen. This, however, was not our business, nor was such an occurrence at all remarkable in a country so long engaged in war. We saw that our attendants attached themselves in a particular manner to the three soldiers that were driving the cow, and held a short conversation with them. Soon after, we arrived at the hithermost bank of the river, where I thought we were to pitch our tent. The drivers suddenly tripped up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall upon the ground, which was but the beginning of her sufferings. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, the other twisted the halter about her fore feet, while the third, who had a knife in his hand, to my very great surprise, in place of taking her by the throat, got astride upon her belly before

her hind-legs, and gave her a very deep wound in the upper part of her buttock.

"From the time I had seen them throw the beast upon the ground, I had rejoiced, thinking, that when three people were killing a cow, they must have agreed to sell part of her to us; and I was much disappointed upon hearing the Abyssinians say, that we were to pass the river to the other side, and not encamp where I intended. Upon my proposing they should bargain for part of the cow, my men answered what they had already learned in conversation, that they were not then to kill her, that she was not wholly theirs, and that they could not sell her. This awakened my curiosity; I let my people go forward, and staid myself, till I saw, with the utmost astonishment, two pieces, thicker and longer than our ordinary beef steaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beast. How it was done I cannot positively say, because judging the cow was to be killed from the moment I saw the knife drawn, I was not anxious to view that catastrophe, which was by no means an object of curiosity: whatever way it was done, it surely was adroitly, and the two pieces were spread upon the outside of one of their shields.

"One of them still continued holding the head, while the other two were busied in curing the wound. This too was done not in an ordinary manner: the skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away was left entire, and flapped over the wound, and was fastened to the corresponding part by two or more small skewers, or pins. Whether they had put anything under the skin, between that and the wounded flesh, I know not; but at the river side where they were, they had prepared a cataplasm of clay, with which they covered the wound; they then forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them, to furnish them with a fuller meal when they should meet their companions in the evening."

It was upon this fact that Bruce's reputation split, and sunk like a vessel which had suddenly struck upon a rock. His best English friends had warned him of the danger, and had earnestly begged him to suppress the publication of a story which, in his conversation, had been universally disbelieved; but, sorely as he felt the insult, which he as yet had but privately received, it was against his nature to shrink from any unjust degradation which the public might fancy it was in its power to inflict upon him.

"When first," says Bruce, "I men-

tioned this in England, as one of the singularities which prevailed in this barbarous country, I was told by my friends it was not believed. I asked the reason of this disbelief, and was answered, that people who had never been out of their own country, and others well acquainted with the manners of the world (for they had travelled as far as France,) had agreed the thing was impossible, and therefore it was so. My friends counselled me further, that as these men were infallible, and had each the leading of a circle, I should by all means obliterate this from my journal, and not attempt to inculcate in the minds of my readers the belief of a thing, that men who had travelled pronounced to be impossible."

Bruce's veracity has hitherto only been supported by general remarks; we now offer the evidence of several individuals.

It is well known that the celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, publicly examined, at Cairo, an Abyssinian dean respecting all Bruce's statements which at that time were disbelieved. Dr. Clarke says, vol. iii. p. 61, "our next inquiry related to the long-disputed fact of a practice among the Abyssinians, of cutting from a live animal slices of its flesh, as an article of food, without putting it to death. This Bruce affirms that he witnessed in his journey from Masuah to Axum. The Abyssinian, answering, informed us that the soldiers of the country, during their marauding excursions, sometimes maim cows after this manner, taking slices from their bodies, as a favourite article of food, without putting them to death at the time; and that, during the banquets of the Abyssinians, raw meat, esteemed delicious through the country, is frequently taken from an ox or a cow in such a state, that the fibres are in motion, and that the attendants continue to cut slices till the animal dies. This answer exactly corresponds with Bruce's narrative: he expressly states, that the persons whom he saw were soldiers, and the animal a cow." "Jereme Lobo, who visited Abyssinia a hundred and fifty years before Bruce, p. 61, says, 'When they feast a friend, they kill an ox, and set, immediately, a quarter of him raw upon the table.' Raw beef is their nicest dish, and is eaten by them with the same appetite and pleasure as we eat the best partridges."

Captain Rudland, R.N., who accompanied Salt, says, "The skin was only partly taken off, and a favourite slice of

the flesh was brought immediately to table, the muscles of which continued to quiver till the whole was devoured."

Salt himself, in the journal which, in 1810, he writes for Pearce, the English sailor, says, p. 295, 'A soldier attached to the party, proposed cutting out the *shulade* from one of the cows they were driving before them, to satisfy the cravings of their hunger. This term Mr. Pearce did not at first understand, but he was not long left in doubt upon the subject; for the others, having assented, they laid hold of the animal by the horns, threw it down, and proceeded, without further ceremony, to the operation. This consisted of cutting out two pieces of flesh from the buttock, near the tail, which, together, Mr. Pearce supposed might weigh about a pound. As soon as they had taken these away, they sewed up the wounds, plastered them over with cow-dung, and drove the animal forwards, while they divided among their party the still reeking steaks.'

(It is very singular that, in 1810, Salt could write these words, without offering any apology for having, in his travels with Lord Valentia, in 1805, deliberately stated that "his (Bruce's) account of the flesh cut out of living animals was repeatedly inquired into by our party; and all to whom we spoke denied its ever being done.")

Mr. Coffin, Lord Valentia's valet, who was left by him in Abyssinia, and who is now in England, has declared to us that he not only has seen the operation which Bruce described performed, but that he has even performed it himself, and that he did so at Cairo, in presence of an English nobleman of high character, whose name he referred to.

Denham, in his travels in Central Africa, vol. ii. p. 36, says, "The best information I had ever procured of the road eastward, was from an old hadgi, named El Rashid, a native of the city of Medina; he had been at Waday, and at Sennaar, at different periods of his life, and, among other things, described to me a people east of Waday, whose greatest luxury was feeding on raw meat, cut from the animal while warm."

(Major Head then adduces the cannibalism of the Battas, as noticed by the late Sir Stamford Raffles, and quoted by us at page 255 of our last volume.)

This disgusting subject is now concluded. That it will have shocked the sensibility of the reader—that he will have termed it even

"Unmannerly
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,"

is but too certain; but it is equally true that the vindication, *colte qui colte*, is only common justice to Bruce's memory, and that the English public, who have been so cruelly careless of Bruce's feelings, have no right to complain of those facts which, before the world, repel the charges that have been unjustly brought against the character of an honest man.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CONFESSION.

My life hath had its bitter pangs
I've wept—I weep for crime!
Father, 'tis blood upon my soul—
Hath bowed me thus before my time.
Oh that thy words could cleanse my soul,
That penance-pain could free from guilt,
That gold could buy forgetfulness
Of blood that hath been spilt.
Thou know'st me!—ay, I see thou dost—
Yet spite of this I must confess!
I have conceal'd too long—too long
My soul's great wretchedness.
Yes, yes, I am Manfredi's wife—
But that which hath been done
Is cursed of God, although from Rome
Our pardon hath been won.
Leone was a studious youth
Of Padua, and was nobly born,
He loved me as his life, and I
To him my early faith had sworn.
I swore to him eternal truth
Upon the blessed rood!—
Father, my crime is broken faith
Which had its seal in blood.
O, dost thou comprehend me not!
Still must I word by word go on?
Then listen—and I'll force my tongue
To tell thee what was done.
Manfredi was Leone's friend,
Loved, trusted as a brother,
While many friends Manfredi had,
The good Leone had no other.
'Twas at the Carnival at Rome,
Amid a noble masking train
Of dames and cavaliers that they
After long absence met again:—
They met for woe—they met for blood!
And from that night I too was changed;
Spite of my reasonings with myself,
My soul became estranged:—
Manfredi's mien was like a king's.
His passions vehement and wild—
Thou know'st Leone—he was grave
And unsuspecting as a child.
He was too good, too wise, too calm!
Some evil power my soul possess'd!—
We loved—Manfredi and I loved—
Now, father, need I tell the rest?
They did not meet in open strife,
So had he died it had been well—
But no,—'twas in the midnight street
That good Leone fell.
I knew the deed that had been done,
Yet with the murderer I stood
Unshrinking in the sanctuary,
Before the blessed rood.
And so I pledged another troth,
My former vows seem'd light as air,
Why was it so—for I have given
My life to pitiless despair.

The church has pardon'd what was done,
And yet my anguish is not eased,
And night and day I hear a cry
That will not be appeased.
New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

A FORMAL old gentleman, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted, and called to his servant in the following manner:—"Tom, take off the saddle on my bay horse, and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from thy grey horse, and put it upon my bay horse; lastly, put the other saddle upon thy grey horse." The fellow gaped all the while at this long preachment, and at last cried out, "Lack-a-day, sir, could you not have said at once, change the saddles?"—*Tucker's Light of Nature.*

PUNS.

EVERY body condemns punning; but every body likes it now and then, except the dull dogs who never make a pun, and who repeat the hereditary objection to that sort of humour. Now we have been amused this week—

1. By hearing the Court of Chancery, with Lord Brougham and Vaux presiding, designated as *Faux-hall*.
2. A gentleman in Piccadilly attempting to raise another gentleman who had fallen, overcome with wine, said—"I don't know what to do with him; I cannot get him to give any account of himself!" "How can you (observed a looker-on) expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"
3. "The deuce is in these incendiaries," said a pseudo-punster; "here they are destroying pease-stacks; why don't they get rid of all taxes?" This deplorable attempt, however, brought out a fair hit from a professor:—"Rather," rejoined he, seeing their hostility to the church and tithes, "I marvel that instead of burning *hay-ricks*, they don't burn *bishop-ricks*."

Literary Gazette.

HAMPSHIRE FROLIC.

A HAMPSHIRE farmer was sore distressed by the nightly unsettling of his barn. However straightly, over night, he laid his sheaves on the thrashing-floor, for the application of the morning's flail, when morning came, all was topsy-turvy, higgledy-piggledy, though the door remained locked, and there was no sign whatever of irregular entry. Resolved to find out who played him these mischievous pranks, Hodge couched him-

self one night deeply among the sheaves, and watched for the enemy. At length midnight arrived; the barn illuminated, as if by moonbeams of wonderful brightness, and through the key-hole came thousands of elves, the most diminutive that could be imagined. They immediately began their gambols among the straw, which was soon in a most admired disorder. Hodge wondered, but interfered not; but at last the supernatural thieves began to busy themselves in a way still less to his taste, for each elf set about conveying the crop away, a straw at a time, with astonishing activity and perseverance. The key-hole was still their port of egress and regress, and it resembled the aperture of a beehive, on a sunny day in June. The farmer was rather annoyed at seeing his grain vanish in this fashion; when one of the fairies, while hard at work, said to another, in the tiniest voice that ever was heard, "*I weat, you weat?*" (quasi, O vulgar Hampshire Faries! "*I sweat, do you sweat?*") and Hodge could contain himself no longer. He leapt out, crying, 'The devil sweat ye—let me get among ye!' when they all flew away, so frightened that they never disturbed the barn any more.

SCOTCH CAUTION.

THE following is decidedly the happiest instance of the possession of this useful quality we ever recollect to have heard of. The subjoined proclamation was actually publicly read, some years ago, by the common crier, in a Burgh, north of the River Tay. It at the same time furnishes us with an admirable illustration of the March of Intellect; we give it verbatim:—"O yez! O yez! O yez! There is a cow to be killed at Flesher Gillies, on Friday next, gin there sall be encouragement for the same. The Provost is to tak a hale leg; the Minister is to tak anither leg for sartin; the Domini and Gauger a leg between them. Sin there is only anither leg on hand, gin there sall be only certainty of taking this odd leg, the cow shall be killed withouten fail, for the Flesher himsel is to tak his chance of selling the *head* and *harragles*."—*Elgin Courier*, 1828.

EXAMPLE FOR SINECURISTS.

SIR HENRY VANE, descendant of Sir Henry Vane, knight, who in 1300 was so made by the Black Prince, at the battle of Poitiers—was by Charles the First made treasurer of the navy, by patent for life. In the first wars between the English and the Dutch, the fees of the office, which were four-

pence per pound, amounted to nearly £30,000. per year. Sir Henry looked upon this sum as too much, and generously gave up his patent to the parliament, desiring but £2,000. per annum for an agent, and that the remainder should go to the public. JAC-co.

SCRAPS,

(From our Scots Correspondent, WATTIE COLTHERD, see page 427.)

EPITAPH,

Composed by an Excise Officer in the South of Scotland, on himself.

"HERE lieth the limbs of a lang devil,
Wha in his time has done much evil,
And oft the alewives he opprest;
But blest be God he's gone to rest."

AN ADDITIONAL VERSE TO BURNS'S

"LAND O' THE LEAL."

"THERE'S nae whisky there, Jean,
There's nae rum nor beer, Jean,
The head's aye clear

I' the land o' the Leal.

Hunger, thirst, and a', Jean,
Are banish'd far awa, Jean,
Tho' naked, we'll seem braw,
I' the land o' the Leal."

(Never Published.)

AT PETERBOROUGH.

READER, pass on, nor waste your time
On bad biography, and much worse
rhyme;

For what I am, this cumbrous clay inures,
And what I was—is no affair of yours.

H. S. G.

THE Dutch may be compared to their own turf, which kindles and burns slowly, but which when once kindled, retains its fire to the last.

At Covent Garden Theatre, the other night, we recognised "The Inconveniences of a Convenient Distance," quoted by us from the *New Monthly Magazine*, page 181. The playwright has made a mere scene of the sketch, with the title of "The Omnibus," which is rather inappropriate, as he has not done *everything* with the incident.

THE ANNUALS.

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